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MASSACHUSETTS

Literary

MAGAZINE



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WILLIAM KERSHAW, JR., EDITOR.

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GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

THERE are many moralists who extol the virtue of content, and think that to be a desirable state of being, in which the natural desires are subdued into permanent peace and tranquillity. However successful or popular this theory may be, it is only theory; for man's natural state is one of expectation. He was born to aspire, and to change this bent of the human soul would be more difficult than to remove the ocean from its bed, or to shake the mountains from their foundation.

Content is synonymous with satisfaction, and who is there that is satisfied? Who is there that feels resigned to his lot in life in each and every particular? Is there nothing we would change if we could? Nay, do we not all intend and expect, in the great coming on of time, to fashion and shape our dispositions to our desires? Surely man lives more in the future than in the present. Early in life he begins to live in the expectation of something that is beyond the power of his senses to grasp. Deriving certain ideas from the real and material present, he projects these forms into the glowing future: distance lends enchantment to his view, and they become the beautiful ideals for which he is willing to live and labor.

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At first, perhaps, these expectations are dim and shadowy, castles built without much earthly foundation, airy structures, of which fancy alone marks the boundary line. But afterwards they assume a more definite shape, and become our intentions, colored with the glowing tints of the imagination. This quality of looking forward into the mysterious future, and endeavoring to read its hieroglyphics, seems not only to be a natural, but also a useful and pleasant state of being. All true manhood is progressive; it aspires, and never does it take one step in which it hopes to find continuous rest and content. The body may become exhausted and fatigued, but the soul's craving is more, ever more. Out of every attainment there springs the conception of something in advance. Every step we take in thought, skill, acquisition, or any other matter on which we expend our time and energies, gives rise to purer, and more perfect forms, which invite us still further forward. Even were it useless for men to plan and place confidence in their plans for the future, because what is to be will be, and chance must in a great measure decide our destiny; even then there would be no argument in favor of a satisfied state of being; for if the world is a lottery, surely nothing can prevent us looking forward to its prizes and its blanks with great expectation. But the world is not all chance; on the contrary, it is exactly what we make it, and he who is gifted with rare powers of mind and body should expect much as the product of his labor. Observe that expecting differs from hoping, in that we hope for what is desirable, whereas we expect both what is agreeable and what is not. Hence, the expectant man, when difficulties arise, is somewhat prepared to encounter them, and will probably never meet with a *surprise party* of evils. Then, again, how many good intentions we have; every man proposes to himself some great work in the future, and what he intends to do, that he expects to do; hence what

more natural than this state of constant expectation. But it is also pleasant amid the trials and worries of real life, to contemplate and expect future bliss. This state of mind is everything. It is this which makes life worth the having. He that undergoes labor must solace himself with the hope of reward. It cannot be possible that the merchant would spend so much time in barter and exchange, did he not expect one day to reap the benefit of his labor. Does he not see in the distance another Sabine farm, with laughing waters murmuring through the woodland vast and shadowy; smiling meads, and blooming flowers; in the midst of which stands a princely mansion, containing the wife of his bosom, and the well-springs of his household? Are not these and a thousand other great expectations, the corks that buoy him up upon the great ocean of life, making light his labor, and refreshing his soul with glimpses of the bright pathway beyond.

These feelings will vary much with the advance of years, and it may be well to look at them when divided into those of youth, manhood, and old age.

When a little child tells us "To wait until he is a man," how much is meant by that simple declaration. Consider what a world of expectation clusters around the ideal manhood of a child. How he heaps up thick coming fancies, clothing and coloring them with the radiant pencil of the imagination, until they assume marvellous shapes, and indeed take forms in which he puts implicit faith. The saying that "Every American school-boy expects to be president of the United States," has much of truth in it. It shows the tendency of English boys, of Irish boys, of Scotch boys, and every other known kind of boys, to expect that they will one day make their mark. Yes, and make it a notch higher than any one else.

Again, when he arrives at that age in which love becomes the ruling passion, and golden curls, blue eyes, dimpled

cheeks, and rosy lips are the elements that fill up his day-dreams, does he not expect that his lady-love shall be a model woman. Woman! Nay, there is no such woman as he expects, for the forms that fill his musings are angelic and divine. Or it may be that he has already made a choice, and as love is blind, expects she will realize all his former conceptions. Nor are the softer sex more exempt from these rhapsodies of thought. No man ever possessed such qualities, or sported such moustaches, as sweet sixteen will frequently conjure up in her maiden expectations. It may be, however, as it often is, that the object of desire is money or extended wealth, and that at the death of some near friend or relative, the aspiring youth is to become possessor of immense property. If it is so, what Arabian Nights' Entertainment can equal the splendor of the tales they tell of future enjoyment.

The longings of manhood, however, assume in most cases a more tangible form. They are our hopes and fears based upon past experience. We become more cautious, and look forward to clouds as well as sunshine, and the glances we cast from time to time into the future, have a direct bearing upon our pursuits and occupation in real life. For example, the lawyer just entering on the duties of his profession, pictures in the distance innumerable briefs, countless multitudes chained with eloquence, increasing wealth, and political notice, or preferment. The doctor, as he descends the steps of his medical Alma Mater, diploma in hand, sees the vast world stretching out before him, one mass of wounds, bruises, and putrefying sores; he feels that the harvest is ready for his pills and his nostrums, and that he needs but to be known to be appreciated. The minister of the gospel, if he be indeed such, has glorious expectations. Souls to be won! good deeds to be performed! and the circles in which he moves to be made nobler and purer by the blessed gospel. It is just possible, however, that he may find these divine flights some-

what mixed with visions of city churches, and attending fat salaries. So with the author, the artist, the mechanic; each and every one has his own high-blown hopes. Woman, for the most part, after marriage, mingles her hopes and fears with those of her husband and family. Their joys are her joys, their ambition her ambition. And yet it is true that a mother generally has some Utopian scheme fitted out for every little stranger she brings her well pleased lord. It is also comforting for her to believe that wherein she herself may have failed to accomplish past intents, her posterity will succeed; and often by the cradle-side does she sit and sing,

"Sleep on, image of thy father; sleep my boy,
No lingering hour of sorrow shall be thine;
No sight that rends thy father's heart and mine.
Bright as his manly sire the son shall be
In form and soul. But ah! more blest than he."

But old age, what can it expect? with so many withered hopes scattered in its path, can it look upward still? Aye, that it can, and look with firmer, surer faith, than ere before. If in the pilgrimage of life it has learnt the great lesson, "There is nothing true but Heaven," then the expectations of a virtuous old age can be nothing short of glimpses of the eternal city. For when life has been well spent, old age but throws off this mortal coil, which we can well spare; muscular strength, organic instincts, gross bulk, and the doings that belong to these. But the great central spiritual element, freed from these tedious obstructions, soars aloft, and enters even at the celestial gates. Say what we will then, there dwells in the human soul a sense, a faculty, a power, no matter what the name, which craves more than this world offers, and which gives birth to aspirations after something better than the events of our common life. And it should also be an agreeable reflection to us, that these sweets can never perish, that there is no satiety to them. The most luscious and

luxurious sensual pleasures may soon pall, but there is no lassitude or weariness in ideal pleasures.

"Thus, with delight, we linger to survey
The promised joys of life's unmeasured way.
Thus, from afar, each dim, discovered scene,
More pleasing seems than all the past hath been;
And every form that fancy can repair
From dark oblivion, glows divinely there."

TRUE GREATNESS.

"Regarded in one sense, all are great, whatever may be their situation or condition in life. Men are great as *men* wherever they may be. It is only our diseased sight that makes them little. We mean by this, that the grandeur of man's nature throws into the background all other considerations as of minor importance."

Here, then, we stand on a common level, and from a common height all humanity looks forth. But the world is moving on. Progress and Advancement are the watchwords, and each one must be his own director. Take your position at some great central depot, where converges the traffic and travel of thousands of miles around. There you see, side by side, the iron messengers preparing for their trip. They are, as it were, now upon the same track. They perhaps start in conjunction with each other; but as one advances directly forward, the others shoot off to the right and left, on their respective missions, and away over the land they speed their courses, now separated by whole tracts of country.

Thus it is with men. We all by nature occupy a position of honor and eminence, so to speak; but it is when we come to assert our individuality, to tread our own way, and to be

our own engineers, that we become classified and distinct. Real greatness has nothing to do with a man's sphere. We have read of those who, by bold achievements and successful campaigns, have become notorious, and are recorded by the chronicler as the heroes of their age, who always have placed themselves in those positions whence a mighty influence could be sent forth; and yet, in some secreted spot, in some retired and unknown abode, away from the outer world, there has been exhibited a grandeur and dignity of soul, which, in respect to true greatness, far outshone the mere display of pomp. And in these humble walks of life, where, because of adversity and trial, one would think that men would be apt to have less faith and confidence in God, even here hope often beams the more brilliantly, and truth, by opposition, grows strong,—that truth which,

“Like a torch, the more it's shook, it shines.”

The influence of greatness and of great men is not to be estimated or measured by the extent of surface which it may cover, but by its quality. There are many who spread their minds over an immense space, and yet possess a greatness (if it may be called such) of no essential worth. An inexperienced artist may fill a city with daubs, as the productions of his poor genius, and thus win for himself a flimsy reputation; but the true workman who leaves behind one living picture in which immortal beauty is embodied, exerts by far a higher and more enviable influence, and will live by the eloquence of silence. A Florence Nightingale, passing up and down through a thronged hospital, with the eye of faith toward heaven, and administering with her hands to the necessities of dying men, exhibits a nobler, purer spectacle, than ever belonged to the most ambitious of conquerors. Oh how much of the counterfeit of this real exaltation is circulating through the earth, seeming at times even to be above

par, and eagerly grasped by the unthinking multitude as a pure currency.

It is a most lamentable fact, that numbers of men, who have breathed an atmosphere morally impure, make the determination to become great, as the world terms it, in spite of any thing to the contrary. If the path of honest endeavor and exertion fails to terminate at that destination which they had fancifully pictured to their minds, then a new highway must be thrown up, broad and capacious, where every desire can be gratified, and every base passion let loose. Tell them that by a patient and consistent course lasting honor can be secured, and they will dismiss you from their presence as impostors. They wish some more direct and accessible way, where the popular voice may always be heard, and the popular will ever indulged. They have made the resolve to become great, and if their eminence is of such a character as not to command the admiration and plaudits of the better class of society, they will even extort attention, at least by the novelty and boldness of their doings. They, as it were, throw out the challenge to humanity to keep their names in silence. In short, they must be notorious, whether as worthies or monsters.

Another form, somewhat less injurious, of this same erroneous principle, may be found in the fact of men placing themselves in spheres for which they are totally disqualified, and all to secure a name. They impetuously rush to the professional office, when their mission would be better accomplished in attending to its cleanliness; hastily ascend the sacred desk, when a pew below would be far more becoming. The world's machinery is full of such wheels, out of place, and for ever retarding.

Then there is a class of wavering, fickle-minded ones, who might be called society's pendulums, swinging to and fro, but never coming to a fixed stand or purpose. They are known

only when bodily seen. Their influence is never felt. They fail of improving every golden opportunity, by awaiting some expected tide of fortune, like Macawber, ever delaying "for something to turn up." Many a sad experience has testified to the words of the poet,

"'Tis better to be lowly born,
And dwell with humble livers in content,
Than to be perked up on a glistening grief,
Or wear a golden sorrow."

We come then to the only way by which true greatness can be reached, and that is in the striving to educate the soul. When one, by the strict discharge of duty, and efforts to bless himself by blessing his fellow-men, can almost catch at times from the skies the "Well done, good and faithful servant;" then it is that he is laying the foundation of that greatness which, going beyond the bounds of time, will afford joy to just spirits through eternity.

Let us, then, amid all the conflicting opinions with regard to what constitutes a distinguished man, be careful that we make the right decision. Let us not be driven by every tide and current, thoughtlessly hurling ourselves into the multitude as it presses on after renown; but placing before our eyes a true, exalted, and noble standard, let the aim of our endeavor be to attain thereunto. Let this desire of elevation above the mass be rightly directed, and the question of importance be, not whether a popular name shall be won at all hazards, but rather whether respect shall be merited by the cultivation of the mind and heart. Let us then foster and cherish those principles, and live by such a standard, that when we lie down in death, the voice of a surviving people may with justice endorse the sentiment, "Died a truly great, because a truly good man."

DUKE.

THE WOULD-BE POET.

DEDICATED TO MYSELF AND MY FRIEND OVER THE WAY.

I wander by a woodland brook, and as
 My limbs grow faint and weary, I recline
 Upon its green and mossy bank to rest.
 All nature, too, has ceased from busy toil,
 And, save this stream that slowly gurgles by,
 A silence still as death enshrouds the scene.
 I feel a languor stealing o'er my frame,
 A thick'ning mist is closing round my view,
 And all grows dark. I am—I know not where.
 But hark! A voice of winning tone in whisper says,
 "Wouldst thou, O Youth, a Poet's art acquire?
 Wouldst thou in rapture strike a living lyre?
 Wouldst thou with thoughts pierce Heaven's bright studded vail,
 Or wouldst thou rather Hell's broad way assail?
 With Chaucer's gentle spirit wouldst thou mount
 For flight sublime, to Poesy's crystal fount,
 And there with Shakspeare, Milton, Shelley, drink—
 There with them dwell upon its emerald brink?
 Or wouldst thou with the sturdy Byron glide
 On lofty wing o'er this bright, sparkling tide,
 And then descend with mighty swoop, to lave
 Your weary pinions in its glittering wave;
 Your strength renew; then upward with him spring
 As swallow from a lake with moistened wing,
 And from your pinions drop poetic gems,
 Far rarer than the costliest diadems?
 Or wouldst thou there with Moore's gay, laughing sprite,
 In endless pleasure, take a joyous flight?
 Wouldst thou do this? Be with this poet throng?
 These souls immortal made, by immortal song.
 Come, then! assume bright Fancy's wing and soar
 Away with me, and thou shalt have the power."

The voice is silent. My bewildered soul
 Seeks vainly to discover whence it is.
 But hark! I hear another voice—it says,
 "Beware young man! Be careful how you act.
 You would a poet be, but know this fact,
 That 'poetry is an impulse, not an art.'
 It comes quick gushing from a fervent heart.

'Tis not the finished offspring of a mind
To maxims or to baser things confined.
Nor can you e'er apply such perfect tests,
As pyrrhics, spondees, dactyls, anapests.

AMBITION'S voice has urged your soul to flight,
To bathe it in a pure poetic light.
Be not deceived. She, siren lyrics sings,
And o'er a soul her golden net-work flings.
Sweet Poesy's fount exists. Those souls are there—
But she can never guide you, so—*Beware!*
Remember—'POETS ARE NOT MADE, BUT BORN.'
And He, alone, who on Creation's morn
Flung into space a thousand million spheres
To roll in harmony through countless years,
Can give to verse the fitting garb of rhyme,
The strength superior and the thought sublime."

The voice has ceased. I hear but one thing more.
Ambition speaks. How bitter are her words:

"Oh! hated spirit of the fatal *True*
Arrayed in garments of the *Good*. Do you
Again deprive me of a soul? 'Tis lost,
Yea, lost to me."

The darkness flees away.
The stream still slowly gurgles at my feet,
And o'er the western hills old Sol just now
Is giving Earth's fair face his good-night kiss.
Ah! I have slept. 'Twas but a warning dream.

KLAMAK.

OTIUM CUM DIGNITATE.

It is natural for the young, when starting on the voyage of life, to paint for themselves bright pictures of the future; and as they accomplish more and more of that voyage, to look forward to their closing days with the hope that they shall receive the respect of those with whom they are associated, and be possessed of that which shall enable them to spend the remainder of life in quiet and ease. There is a satisfaction to one immersed in the cares of business, troubled and harassed

by the perplexing turns of fortune, whose mind is continually strained revolving plans and forming schemes, to look forward to a time when all this shall be laid aside, and life become quiet and peaceful—the mind find relief, the body rest. Many a man in looking forward, delights in picturing before him the scenes of a happy old age. Suppose his life to be in the turmoil of business in a crowded city; when the moments come that leave him to himself; when stocks, policies, dividends, and the long list of subjects that occupy his thoughts are all forgotten, his memory may call him back to the quiet country spot where he spent his boyhood, and rush before him, in a crowd of recollections, those scenes and incidents so unlike the present, yet so full of quiet beauty, that a chord may be struck in his heart, perhaps a tear brought to his eye. Then, as his mind in its softened mood revolves the events of his past life, and ventures into the unknown future, there will come a resolve, that before his hair becomes white, and the ride down-town fatigues him beyond its wont, he will leave the office with its cares and vexations behind him; and imagination brings before him some handsome mansion, with green grounds intersected with graceful winding paths, shaded with luxuriant trees, adorned with brilliant flowers, and rare shrubbery, with here and there perhaps a glimpse of water—all within an hour's ride of that city which he cannot forget, which he thinks he will take a greater pleasure in revisiting because of his seclusion from it.

When the lawyer relieves his brain of weary suits, and the unraveling of tangled evidence, if he permits his mind to revert to the future, and to form an ideal old age, *Otium cum dignitate* takes strong possession. He loves to think that when his projects and plans are accomplished, and the great end of his life is done, he can spend his remaining years in ease and leisure; and ever with that thought will be, that men will honor and respect him, that neighbors will hold him in

high esteem, that his profession will look upon him as an ornament, the country as one of its best citizens, society as one of its main supports.

When the man of medicine returns home from his daily visit of pain and suffering, the same suggestion and the same bright picture may perchance come up before him. Perhaps he has in his mind's eye some honored man, who, in the enjoyment of quiet and delightful ease, can look back on a long life spent in the blessed work of relieving human woe. Revolving in imagination this calm scene, he determines that there shall come a time when his present inconveniences shall be forgotten; and instead of severe professional duties, the happy lot of the retired physician shall become his own, and he too pass his declining years in dignity and happiness.

And then the humble healer of human souls has his views of a happy old age. His is the pleasing consciousness that when his faculties fail, and his wavering voice and feeble limbs warn him that his work on earth is accomplished, his Master will not desert him, and then he has only to wait until he shall be called home. Then does he hope to enjoy his period of *Otium cum dignitate*—not that of the rich in this world's goods, nor that of men whom she has raised with honors, but the *Otium* given by a true heart and the sweet consciousness of performed duty, the *Dignitas* freely given by the wise, the noble, and the virtuous.

In the wide world of science and art, among all men who live to labor, is this feeling found. For this end will prudent men toil, and diligently watch the daily increase or loss to their hoarded substance; for this will they deny themselves present pleasure, and even endure much mental disquietude: for years following the instincts of an ambition which commands them to provide for more than their present life. Alas, that so many should be disappointed! It is to me one of the saddest pictures of this sad world, to behold one who,

after having had the finest prospects of spending in dignity and honor a happy old age, has been reduced by the rough hand of poverty. When his gray hairs are falling, and the wrinkles fast increasing on his brow—when the projects of his youth and manhood have proved failures, his plans disappointed—to be dependent for subsistence on those whom he once considered inferior; to whom, perhaps, he himself once gave a helping hand, is indeed sorrowful.

Yet it is a principle of our nature to be ever aiming higher; and although many fail, that some succeed is the reason why we are not disheartened. Wealth, honor, and renown are the general objects of ambition, but the one central point toward which all these tend, and which is the object of every man's desire, is the *Otium Cum Dignitate* of our discourse, when found in a happy old age.

GESS.

SELF-CONTROL.

The man who acts according to the rules of perfect prudence, of strict justice, and of proper benevolence, may be said to be perfectly virtuous. But the most perfect knowledge of these rules will not alone enable him to act in this manner; his own passions are apt to mislead him, sometimes to drive him, sometimes to seduce him, to violate all the rules which he himself, during his cool and sober hours, approves of. The most perfect knowledge, unless sustained by the most perfect self-control, will not, in all cases, enable a man to do his duty.

These passions may be classed under two heads: first, into those, which to restrain, even for a moment, requires a considerable exertion of self-command; secondly, into those which can, with the greatest ease, be controlled for a short

time, but which, by their almost incessant solicitation, are apt to mislead into great deviations. Fear, anger, and some other passions, constitute the first class. Excessive fear and anger are often difficult to control, even for a moment. The love of ease and pleasure may easily be restrained for a short time, yet by their constant importunities, often lead to many weaknesses. The former class of passions may be said to drive, the latter to seduce us from our duty. The command of these sets of passions, exclusive of the benefits resulting from the control of them, has a beauty of its own, and deserves, for its own sake, some degree of admiration and esteem. In the one case, the strength and greatness of the exertion excites our estimation; in the other, the uniformity and steadiness of that exertion.

The man who, in torture at the approach of death, preserves his tranquillity unaltered, and suffers no word or gesture to escape him that does not accord with the feelings of the most indifferent spectator, of necessity commands a very high degree of estimation. The heroes of ancient and modern history who are remembered with the most peculiar affection, are, many of them, those who have met their end on the scaffold for the sake of liberty and justice, and who conducted themselves while there with the most perfect self-control and dignity. Had the enemies of Socrates suffered him to die quietly in his bed, his death would probably never have acquired the splendor in which it has been looked upon ever since. But this magnanimity does not only cast a brightness over the characters of virtuous and innocent men, it even procures some favorable regard in the case of criminals. When a highwayman is brought to the scaffold, and there behaves with firmness, though no one doubts the justice of his punishment, yet regrets often rise, that one possessed of such great and noble powers should suffer such a disgraceful death.

War is the great school for acquiring this species of magnanimity. When a man has conquered the fear of death, he has little else to fear. In war men become familiar with death, and therefore lose, in a great degree, that superstitious fear of it which is peculiar to the inexperienced. The dread of death is thus greatly diminished, and therefore men learn to expose themselves to it with less reluctance, are less anxious to get out of it, and are not so likely to lose their presence of mind while in it. We are at times interested in great warlike exploits, although conducted in direct opposition to justice; and some degree of esteem is excited in us for the men of worthless character who conduct them. The command of anger frequently appears no less noble than that of fear. The orations of Cicero against Catiline afford a striking example of the control of anger, and the proper expression of just indignation. But this just indignation is only anger restrained, and properly moderated, to agree with the feelings of the impartial spectator. The passion which goes beyond this, and vents itself openly, is offensive, and claims our sympathy only for its object.

THE SONG OF SUMMER.

Sunlight and shade with the green grass blade
Were playing together,
And the joyous bird was often heard
'Mid the blooming heather.

Tripping o'er the lea, there came to me,
The summer's song.
Hark! listen! where the waters glisten,
And glide along.

"I am here pretty dear,
Pretty rose-bud bright,
Let me woo you with
My soft sunlight.

"And that tear, darling one,
I must kiss away,
That lies on your cheek
At break of day.

"Sweet lily, if you're chilly,
Soon my warm caress
Will make you forget
The world's coldness.

"For the trees I've a breeze
That will make them proud;
I'll draw o'er their heads
A nice cool cloud.

"Gentle rain for the grain,
And life for all,
With merry sparkles
For waterfall.

"Joyous hum, let it come,
From meadow-grass,
A full free chorus,
My singing-class.

"And at night, in the light
Of bright moonbeam,
The true lovers courting,
Fill up the scene."

Thus the summer-coy sang loud in its joy,
And I, in a quiet way,
Wrote down in the sand, in poor shorthand,
A sketch of this quaint lay.

SIGMA.

THE CONSTITUTION—ITS SUSPENSION.

All good governments are the result of growth. The most perfect systems now used for the protection of society were only reached by long periods of governmental development. In all governments there is a central power—an absolute will—which cannot be forcibly resisted, except by the right of

revolution. We may, therefore, divide the growth of government, taken in an abstract sense, into two stages, in each of which the government is distinguished by the location of the central power or directing will. The first stage is characterized by the fact that the central power in the government is found in the will of one individual mind; the second stage, by the fact that it is found in the will of the majority. The former, therefore, may be termed the *absolute* period, and the latter the *republican*. We do not mean to say by this, that all governments which have existed were either republican or absolute purely—for many have been oligarchal—but that in all systems the principle of absolutism or republicanism has predominated. The absolute is the form which was first developed, and the only one which will meet the demands of a society bowed down by ignorance. The republican is the latest development, and is certainly only adapted to a people of high civilization and sound Christian principle.

The great blessings of this high governmental system are liberty and equal rights to all. There must, however, even in this free system, be some supreme controlling power; a source from which all things else in the government derive their power; a system of fundamental laws which, although they derive their power from the governed, cannot be swept away by any violent tumultuous uprising of the people—a CONSTITUTION.

The Constitution then, from its own nature and essence, is the fundamental law. If, therefore, you annihilate it, like removing the foundation, the whole national structure falls headlong into ruin.

The question, then, which we wish to discuss, is whether we are, for peculiar reasons, ever justified in suspending the functions of the Constitution, whether in a revolution like the present—for rebellion, if successful, is revolution—we may

not temporarily do away with one or more of its provisions for the sake of preserving and perpetuating its authority.

The question to some may seem absurd, for the reason that the answer to it is so self-evident—that it is too much like inquiring in regard to one's own existence. But the days of absurd theories have not passed away, and so we find to-day statements as ridiculous as the hypothesis that man is an improved species of the monkey. We find that the political philosophers of some of the press of the present day, hold the opinion that the preservation of the Constitution by temporarily laying aside some of its provisions, is revolutionary, and that such a course of conduct by the authorities of the land is unmitigated usurpation, and that they would rather see the Union dissolved than preserved by such "tyrannical usurpation of the liberties of the people."

But do they speak truly? Is such an action by those who have sworn "to defend and protect" the Constitution a usurpation? If it is, then it makes little difference whether our Constitution is destroyed by revolutionary disunion, or by usurpation. Both should be violently resisted. Such an action, however, we claim is not usurpation. *For the temporary suspension of the prerogatives of the Constitution, from its own nature, is not a permanent one, and the ultimate object is not to put the prerogatives suspended in the hands of the authorities suspending, as a permanent arrangement, but upon the Constitution, from which they were for a good purpose taken away, viz., the preservation of its integrity.

The character, then, of an action is determined by its intent, or the object for which it was performed; when, therefore, some of the provisions of the Constitution are temporarily taken away, with the intent, and for the purpose, of maintaining its perpetual authority, the act is not a usurpation, but simply a temporary suspension of its provisions.

We have thus decided a question which is of the utmost

importance to our subject, viz., that such a suspension of the powers of the Constitution is not usurpation. If it were, such a course of conduct could not be justified, and the cries of "tyrannical assumption of power by the present administration," would make the blood of American citizens to boil with patriotic indignation. The same sublime "uprising of a great people" which responded to the echo of Sumter's guns, would be turned against "the powers that be," and the bayonets that now point at the heart of rebeldom would be stained with the blood of the usurpers at Washington.

We state, then, that in cases of civil disruption, of violent national throes, when the whole polity of the nation is threatened with destruction, the Constitution may be *justifiably* suspended, in whole or in part. We do not mean by this, that it can be done legally, but justifiably, *i. e.*, the action would be vindicated by reason. The case, however, must be extreme.

1. Let us enter somewhat minutely into the circumstances. Our country is in a violent civil war. The very existence of the nation, and therefore of the Constitution, is fearfully threatened. With its destruction, all safeguards to our lives and property are swept away, and anarchy and bloodshed are the inevitable results. The Constitution, therefore, is of inestimable value, for it gives worth to our property, happiness and security to ourselves. There is, however, something in this valuable code which stands in the way of its own preservation. It deprives its protectors of some power which they might otherwise use to maintain its integrity. Would it not, therefore, be the part of wisdom and reason to temporarily suspend these provisions, in order that the exigencies of the case might be met, and that the instrument which is of such intrinsic value might be preserved from its threatened destruction? We almost intuitively answer in the affirmative. Such, we believe, are the views of the subject which have been taken by the present defenders of our immortal Constitution, in their

efforts to ward off the nullity with which disunion threatens it.

2. The Constitution was made for times of peace, which is the natural condition of a country. Certainly a Constitution that was made for times of national upheavings and revolution, would be a very poor instrument for times of peace, and *vice versa*. When, therefore, a country is in the midst of a revolution, the Constitution leaves the authorities in the dark as to the course to be pursued. They cannot, therefore, act by rule. Should the government then stand still and do nothing, because the Constitution does not provide a rule of action, or because it has some provisions which prevent the authorities from doing all they can to meet the exigencies of the case? Certainly not. The spicy little speech of Maynard in Parliament, during the English revolution, fully illustrates this. He says: "We are at this moment out of the beaten path. If, therefore, we are determined to move only in that path, we shall not move at all. A man in a revolution resolving to do nothing which is not strictly according to the established form, resembles a man who has lost himself in the wilderness, and who stands crying, 'Where is the king's highway? I will walk nowhere but in the king's highway.' In a wilderness a man should take the track that will lead him home. In a revolution we must have recourse to the highest law, the safety of the state." The safety of the state, then, is the supreme law when the life of a nation is threatened, and whenever the Constitution comes in conflict with that law, we are justified, yea, we are in duty bound, to disregard it until the crisis is past.

Let us thank God that our country has not yet been brought to that terrible dilemma in which it is necessary for our people to go through the dark valley of suspended liberty, in order that the heaven-born beams of freedom may in time to come still warm our hearts, and that our institutions may

finally be preserved. All that the government demands is a cheerful submission to some temporary inconveniences, and to give it a hearty support, while it stretches forth its hand to give the death-blow to the monster enemy of our liberties. Let the people remember that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." ID.

DEVELOPMENT.

Everything has its normal state, from which it proceeds to maturity. It seems to be a law of Providence, that all things should have a state of infancy and a state of perfection. Continual change makes up the intermediate state. This change takes place in accordance with natural principles. The closer these principles are followed, the more complete the maturity. This is the general rule, and the exceptions to it are where these principles are not regarded. The Almighty reserves to himself the absolute prerogative of giving existence on the sole condition, that when he returns he may receive his own, with usury; and if this condition is not fulfilled, the transgressed laws will be their own executives. We do not say, that there is one standard of perfection, to which all things must attain, or suffer certain consequences; for, as various as are the offspring of existence, so numerous are the stages and degrees of the required maturity.

The normal state of some things far surpasses the utmost capacity of others. And, therefore, since all things are not similar in their capacities, the same state of perfection is not to be expected. The different degrees of perfection are in the same ratio as the natural capacities. "There are also celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial; but the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another. There is one

glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars; for one star differeth from another star in glory."

Now growth and development are the links that join the germ to its maturity. "Growth is increase by the addition of matter," while development is merely bringing into actuality the innate capacities.

In the vegetable kingdom, the time of growth and development is the season of cultivation—the season between seed-time and harvest. In the brute creation, animals, for a certain time, according to their species, not only make attainment in physical capacity, by training and exercise, but also from experience, gain what we will call an educated instinct. We all very well know that some animals, while young, may be so trained, that afterward it is impossible to train them otherwise. This proves what we have asserted, that there is a time in the existence of organized bodies, during which they are susceptible of development.

Now all that has been said concerning plants and animals, in reference to their physical natures, can, in substance, be applied to the mind of man.

The mind of man is capable of development, and its capacity is determined and bestowed, only by God. To one is delivered five talents, to another two talents, to another one; and the accountability of each is in proportion to what is delivered to him. For as there are diversities of gifts, so there are diversities of operations; although these gifts are granted, and these operations required by the same God. Also, the time of youth is the time for attaining maturity, or at least for beginning the foundation upon which the structure of relative perfection is based.

Very few seem to realize how responsible they are for their mental endowments, or how necessary it is to take advantage of their youth, in order to make the most of their capacities.

For instance, a person thinks because he is naturally endowed with extraordinary powers of mind, he can pass through life without positive exertion. He acts as if he were the special favorite of Heaven, destined to enjoy the glory of the celestial. He considers the bestowal of superior mental power as the token of his acknowledged preëminence, while in reality it is only a solemn evidence of what God will require of him when the day of reckoning comes. He forgets that ratio and proportion are scriptural rules; that according to his improvement the reward will be given; that he who received two talents and gained other two, will receive the same proportionate reward as he who received five talents, and gained other five.

The truth is, such an one ought to be just as diligent, just as desirous of making progress, as those who are less favored. It does really seem, sometimes, as if those who have extraordinary mental capacities, are physically so careless and lazy, that in the end "their glory is their shame."

Again, there are those of whom we say, "They have only common abilities"—individuals whose mental powers, although not quick and penetrating, are endowed with good common sense. By close application they are able to make a good degree of attainment in the arts and sciences. Now the question arises, why then do so few make this desirable achievement? While he who has superior talent is apt to be elated, those of common abilities are liable to discouragement, which arises from seeing him that is more highly favored, even in his negligence, making the same progress as themselves. O that man would learn that to his own Master he must stand or fall! Man's mutual relations were not intended to destroy his individual responsibility. The difference in natural endowments was not arranged to excite envy and partiality, but in order to afford that variety which is the spice of life. The activity of the world, as well as its

progress, is attributable to this characteristic of God's dispensing providence. If there were no minds thirsting for novelty, what would lead to new discoveries and further invention? If there were no metaphysical talent in the world, what would become of mental and moral sciences? If no one had the gift of tongues, how would commerce and civilization be promoted? Would it suit our idea of propriety to have all mental faculties similarly developed in every individual? When we appeal to our own experience, we are forced to acknowledge that "He doeth all things well." Whenever we undertake to question the wisdom of God, we are convinced, after a full and impartial investigation, of the unerring omniscience of our Creator.

There is a peculiar adaptedness in the works of Providence which is not always appreciated at first sight. We see no inconsistencies in the natural world. A beautiful harmony seems to pervade every thing. If men were all similarly constituted in their moral and physical capacities, there might indeed be a sort of lifeless harmony existing among men; but as the case is, when the law of love is obeyed, men can derive their highest enjoyment from the mutual benefits for which they are mutually dependent. But if, after their hardness and impenitent hearts, by transgressing this law they pervert allotted blessing and joys into curses and misery, is it reasonable to reproach the God of love? A just and reasonable conclusion is, that men are responsible for what God has delivered to them—for their mental endowment, and the precious opportunities for its development. The difficulty of which men complain, is merely trouble borrowed from the morrow, which is dissoluble into as many atoms as there are moments in the future.

LINDEN.

CENTRALIZATION.

It is a truism too great to require elaborate discussion, that the present is an age of transcendent material activity. The marvellous results effected through the agency of steam and iron, the loadstone and the electric telegraph, have been so often held up to our astonishment and admiration, that the power of wonder has almost become dead within us. The stupendous inventions which astounded, in their inception, the minds of the previous generation, have so interwoven their strands with the fabric of our social life, as to belong to its texture and essence; so that we can only judge from history and tradition how men lived and worked in the infancy of scientific discovery, before the building of factories or laying of railroads. From such perpetual contemplation of the powers of nature working for the benefit of man, in bonds of his devising, arises a twofold mental result.

In the first place, we tire of the repetition which endlessly babbles in our sated ears, the story of the advance of civilization. Much as the intellect delights in the conviction of its supremacy over matter, every decade growing more and more absolute, yet the sweetest song will pall at length upon the hearing; and men of education and thought have abandoned the threadbare topic to mediocrity and dulness.

But another result has followed this familiarity, of more moment and consequence. The tiresome repetition has had effect to preclude that broad and thoughtful consideration of the subject which would place within our comprehension the scope and tendency which those influences possess, in their operation upon our moral and mental life. By the very force of habitual representation, is stamped upon the brain a belief in the unalloyed value of the benefits which these wondrous inventions have conferred upon humanity; and when the sub-

ject is laid on the shelf, we yet retain a conviction, founded not upon examination, but on trust, that the platitudes we weary of, are nevertheless true; that we are advancing, no longer gradually, but with rapid strides, to that full development of the nobler powers of man, in which only is contained a true civilization. Yet if such unreasoning faith should be succeeded by keen analysis and searching inquiry, the conclusion must, it seems to us, be far different. The truism will become a doubtful half-truth; the golden shield will show a brazen side as well. Man is not composed of intellect alone; heart and soul enter into the measure of a perfect humanity.

Shall we place the summation of enlightenment and progress in the mere discovery and employment of means by which the forms of matter shall be modified into shapes better suited for our earthly necessities? Stated in such a form, the proposition becomes a practical absurdity; yet no less an importance seems to be attached, in the popular cant of the day, to the machinery of communication or production. To all that is grand or elevated in the individual, such works are utterly foreign; they have no influence over his conscience, his affections, his standard of living; outside of his reasoning powers, they are utterly impotent. And not only this, but the order of intellect and range of faculties that they employ is essentially narrow and limited, having their province only in observance of natural phenomena, and in such power of comparison and construction as shall enable them to employ the great underlying forces in methods which subserve human interests. To metaphysics and its kindred sciences we justly assign the highest rank among the agencies which serve at once to elevate the mind, and having so raised, to furnish themes for its contemplation; for by such studies we occupy the loftiest capacities of our thought, and continually strengthen the intellect in considering the great realities of subjective ex-

istence. But in the mind of the constructor, the great theological and political problems, the chosen topics of great thinkers from earliest ages, have no place or habitation. *He* is concerned with the laws of the material universe—not in their nobler aspect, as the imprint of a divine power, the expression of infinite harmony and order, but strictly in their relation to man, seeking to use them for his convenience or profit; and thus the properties of steam and iron are his first consideration, while the intellect holds but a secondary place. A Watt or a Fulton studies how he may hitch his wagon to a star; a Plato and a Hamilton trace the bright orbits of the stars themselves, and see in every revolution around the central sun, that perfect harmony of motion which marks the unity of one controlling will.

But as we have tried to show that the benefits conferred upon man by the machinery of civilization, though great in degree, are low in kind, so let us proceed a step further, and examine whether there be not a positive harm and detriment to the individual, wrought by the operation of these agencies. The condition of social life which they inevitably tend to induce, is centralization. The whole bearing of their influence upon the character is to subject moral and mental individuality to the imperious claims of society. The tremendous acceleration of the facilities for communication afforded by steam and electricity, enabling the inhabitants of lands thousands of miles apart to interchange thoughts and feelings, as neighbors talk over the kitchen fire; the employment in factories, which daily brings into communion throngs of operatives; the system of division of labor, which almost of necessity associates those who pursue the same branch of business—all these prevail to turn the thought from the contemplation of the great realities and aims of existence, to the perpetual beholding of our fellow-men, and the reception of impressions from other minds. Agriculture, the principal

pursuit two hundred years ago, has in a great measure become secondary to commerce and manufactures, both of which necessitate a continual intercourse, by no means incumbent upon tillers of the soil. In short, it seems the inevitable result of a natural law, that every invention which extends the rule of man over the material universe, also compels him to a closer conjunction with his species, in all the departments of industry with which it is concerned.

The increase of population in the more civilized portions of the globe is a coöperative agency to the continued intermingling of men in familiar intercourse. In a country, for example, so densely populated as England, the ability of escaping at will from associations which serve to keep the thoughts perpetually concentrated upon social life, in all the petty outline of its daily wants and habits, is a privilege attainable only by those whose circumstances exempt them from the incessant toil of the factory and counting-house. This is perhaps the less to be regretted, that the demands of our insatiate civilization employ the bulk of mankind for their gratification, binding them down to a routine of daily labor, which not only deprives them of opportunity, but even of inclination for a life of solitude and self-cultivation. No one can persistently starve any faculty, by denying it the slightest scope or exercise, without weakening and finally destroying it; and if the whole being and vigor of the individual be enslaved to the daily drudgery of trade, the higher elements of his mental and moral nature must infallibly diminish and disappear.

So then, by the concurrent agencies of machinery and dense population, the orbit of modern social life appears to be narrowing toward a central unity. It remains to inquire whether such a movement is truly beneficial to the individual and to the multitude, or whether it conceals, under the specious appearance of material progress, an influence so baneful to all that is grand or noble in the mental constitution, as to

appal the soundest thinkers of the age with apprehension of its tendency and its ultimate result.

In the prosecution of such an inquiry, the first subject of consideration must evidently be the nature and relative importance of the faculties which are kept in action by continued association with our fellows. Man, it is said, is a social being; *i. e.*, he has by nature certain impulses toward fellowship with his kind, and certain powers which find their proper development in such fellowship. But are these impulses the highest in his nature, or those powers the most lofty and complete? A moment's consideration will, we think, enable us to give a negative answer. In society of any sort, and in any sphere, the subjects of thought and discussion will naturally be those things which are common to its members, and which each has more or less ability to understand. In any communion between individuals, the higher must stoop to the level of the lower, and adapt the general tone of his conversation to the other's capacity of reception; while in return they will receive only intellectual products of inferior quality. Moreover, in such intercourse, the vital idiosyncrasy which gives character and value to the thinking, will for the most part disappear before the social mandate which prescribes an agreement and concord in the outward appearance, often absent from the inner reality. A certain degree of conformity to the feelings and opinions of others is indeed the dictate of gentlemanly courtesy as well as of Christian charity; but how destructive to all originality of mind, how detrimental to all simplicity and honesty of thought, is a perpetual suppression of individual opinion, in deference to the prejudice or ignorance of another!

The power of correct and logical thought on topics of lofty conception and tremendous consequence, the ability to investigate the problems of metaphysics and theology, is not born of intuition; it is the result of that habit of contemplation which

fixes the mental gaze on the eternal truths that underlie all forms of existence, and enables the understanding, strengthened by effort and practice, to rise from effect to cause, to trace in varied phenomena the operation of one efficient law. Such an exalted stand-point it is almost impossible for the operative, the tradesman, the lawyer, to attain; but should they reach it, by virtue of surpassing talents and indomitable will, and from its height look down upon their co-laborers in daily business, with what pity and kindly contempt must they regard them! Like draught-horses around a mill, they circle their daily orbit around some machine patented by custom or duration to meet the mental and physical necessities of social life; and with every revolution, the chains of habit that bind them to their monster idol grow stronger and more cumbersome.

There must be many a man in whom, at his entrance upon active life, lay a possibility of noble and symmetrical development, which, if urged by the force of kindly circumstances to the fulness of its perfect work, would exalt the whole being to the standard of an ideal excellence. Under the benignant skies of favoring opportunity, the bright spring-time of promise might have merged into a royal pomp of summer; an autumn, dropping fruits of power; a winter, calm and peaceful, known not by stormy days, but by the snows gently falling on the aged head. Such, I say, might have been his career; such it has not been. From the very outset his path has lain under the shadow of a grim necessity, that stood up like a wall of darkness between him and the happy sunlight. He may not worship at the shrine of intellect or art; Mammon demands an undivided homage; and hideous idol though he be, with hard glittering eyes, and ears that hear but the clink of the casket, what can the wretched votary do but kneel? "Every door is barred with gold, and opens but to golden keys." The subtle calculation of coming events; the quick

appreciation of the moment and the opportunity; the keen insight into human nature; the calm persistent energy that overcomes the adverse Fates, are concentrated for a lifetime upon the fluctuations of trade; and the powers which might have made a great statesman, a great philosopher, a great general, go down, year after year, to buy and sell in the stock-market.

Such are the evil and danger which this centralization brings, in an overwhelming current, upon individual ability and intellect. Of the terrible exigencies to which it exposes all the working organizations of society, we of the present generation will scarcely make light—we, who have heard Lancashire, the richest district in the richest country of the earth, cry aloud for help to save her starving laborers, because, forsooth, the cotton-bales to feed her mills and engines lay useless in a foreign land, girdled with steel and fire! The balance of delicate relation and wide-spread interaction established between demand and supply, has been graduated to such exquisite proportion, that half the globe is bound in the indissoluble fetters of commercial interests; so that nations whose every feeling is antagonistic, whose civilization is as far separated as the boundaries of their territory, are constrained into unnatural alliance in the unholy bonds of traffic. The iron despotisms and effete superstitions of the Orient are brought face to face with the keen intelligence and vigorous manhood of Western Europe. Exaltation of trade above the spirit of Christian civilization has demoralized every nation of Christendom. No longer do we see nations self-sphered, pursuing in harmony the even tenor of their way; desiring peace, indeed, but ready, in a just and noble cause, to stand up right manfully to the trial by battle. A gigantic wrong may lift its Gorgon head among the enlightened peoples of the West; the strong may oppress the weak; temporal despotism may join hands with spiritual against the

liberty of a struggling state: and if an outraged public opinion dares to utter, through popular demonstration or publication of the press, its hatred of the deed and abhorrence of the doers, its voice is drowned in a howl from every tradesman in the land. The mill-owner trembles for the failure of the raw material, whose loss would silence the busy hum of his machinery; the merchant dreads protective tariffs and double dangers of the sea; the workman fears the fall of wages and the loss of employment. Every means is employed, every agency set in operation, against action which might commit the government to the alternative of war; and even when the last deadly insult has been offered, the last wanton aggression perpetrated; when cowardly quiescence has given place to hot wrath and shame, and the nation rises as one man to vindicate its outraged honor; even then, from the trader comes the sordid cry of "Peace—peace on any terms—peace at any cost!" as Patrick Henry described the contractor wandering about the camp at Yorktown, his voice, amid the joy-bells and pæans of a delivered people, crying, in mournfullest cadence, "Beef! beef! BEEF!"

If the description that we have attempted of degraded manhood and demoralized nationality even approximate to the truth, the mind will naturally turn to seek for medicine and relief. For either type of the disease, as it appears respectively in the man or in the community, there must be a specific remedy, differing in degree, to some extent in kind, from the application made to the other.

In proceeding to consider the methods of culture by which an individual may be saved from the debasing effect of too exclusive activity of the social instincts, let us quote a pregnant passage from De Quincey: he is speaking of the tremendous progress of material civilization:

"It becomes too evident that unless this colossal pace of advance can be retarded—a thing not to be expected—or,

which is happily more probable, can be met by corresponding forces *in the direction of religion or profound philosophy*, forces which shall radiate centrifugally against this storm of life, so perilously centripetal toward the vortex of the merely human, left to itself, the natural tendency of so chaotic a tumult must be to evil."

In the words italicized is contained the secret of the cure. The mind tends to become absorbed in things common and trivial, in provision for daily wants and monotonous routine of employment; give it something outside of itself, something noble in its presence and great in its results, as the subject of daily contemplation and endeavor. Emanuel Kant, they say, composed the best of his metaphysical discussions sitting at a window opposite the Cathedral of Königsberg, that its grandeur of outline and harmony of proportion might shut out from his thought the baseness of ignoble cares, as itself shut out light and hearing of the busy street beyond. So should the life-work of every mortal be sanctified and ennobled by the perpetual contemplation of grand, consistent, regulative worth. Such contemplation will ripen into principle—will prove the very spring and source of action—will consecrate to all the noble use and sweet charities of life. And this elevating power will be felt, just in proportion as the object of thought transcends our sensual nature, and embodies the ultimate causes and elements of existence. Even when the thinking is based on false assumptions, and arrives at false conclusions, the very habit of mental occupation among such lofty conceptions will beget contempt for petty vice or frivolous meanness; so that if the philosopher err, he will at least err grandly, magnificently. The prince of German metaphysicians, though a stranger and an enemy to true religion, had yet that indignant scorn of falsehood, that never—save, alas! in one memorable instance—did he, in word or deed, depart from the literal truth. What then may we not hope, when to doctrines that

give the intellect its worthiest employment, and mysteries whose depth the keenest eye can never fathom, is superadded a revelation of transcendent glory and unsullied purity to which all our moral nature rises in glad response? Christianity has this twofold advantage over philosophy in mental training, that its themes are more noble, and that its appeal to the moral faculty is more direct and powerful. Unenlightened philosophy reasons out its ethics, arriving at regulative maxims by laborious induction from conditions limited by imperfect knowledge; Christianity reasons not, but presents the highest ideal of excellence realized in the man Christ Jesus; and we wait for no proof, but kneel in adoring reverence, seeing in Him the brightness of the Father's glory. Of the heavenly joys and aspirations caused by the workings of the Holy Spirit, it is not within the scope of this essay to deal; but one thing we must say, as necessary to the proper treatment of our subject: trust in God is the most elevating, as well as the most consoling emotion of our being; a life of faith is the greatest possible security against the dissipation of the soul's energies upon the pursuit of trifles.

And now, in conclusion, one word as to the necessary condition of the upward progress. It results from the nature of the studies and habits of thought we have mentioned, that solitude is necessary to their acquisition. This solitude, the claims of humanity upon our daily life, the eager hurry of an age that hastens to be rich, the thousand inducements to mingle with our fellow-men, combine to limit and endeavor to annihilate: yet this we must attain, if we would reach the full stature of mental manhood.

"No man," says De Quincey, "ever will unfold the capacities of his own intellect, who does not at least checker his life with solitude. How much solitude, so much power. Or, if not true in that rigor of expression, to this formula undoubtedly it is that the wise rule of life must approximate." And

no more illustrious exemplification of his theory can be cited than De Quincey himself, whose regal intellect received its choicest nutriment in the hours of "high-thoughted contemplation," apart from the haunts and the doings of men. Without this, there is danger that even our Christianity will assume a narrow and temporal type, becoming dim of sight in the higher regions of religious experience, and busied chiefly in providing for the wants of fellow-mortals,—very noble work, truly, but not the noblest. Whence comes such dull uniformity of devotion, such reproduction of the thoughts and feelings of others, if not from the colloquial and limited sphere of our meditation? "I sometimes think," says Dr. Alexander, "that we are more tied down to a conventional type of piety, than the very Romanists." Let us determine, that while for pleasure, social converse, business, and worship, we forsake not the assembling of ourselves together, we will also often go apart into the desert places of solitude, to study, to meditate, and to pray.

Of the remedy for that relentless pressure of population which turns plenty into want, and want into starvation, we have neither space nor ability to speak. Political economy for two hundred years has vainly sought it; but the problem, to this day, remains unsolved—the crisis every year becoming more urgent, and the interests that depend upon the answer more momentous. Such a problem was proposed to the French government in the last century; but they refused to see that there was any problem at all—until at last, in 1789, the people grew weary, and cut the knot they could not unravel. Such a problem is presented to England to-day. Will she deny its existence, or set about finding the answer?

We do not overlook the great, evident advantages of material civilization to the world. We know that where it has brought the disease, it may also bring the remedy; that the steamer may convey corn to starving Lancashire, and Bibles

to perishing India; that the telegraph may flash tidings of victory, and messages of good-will; that the railroad car may be freighted with letters from distant friends, and comforts for sick soldiers: in a word, that all the machinery of civilization may be used in the cause of charity for the benefit of the race. But there is little danger that these things will be passed by or underrated. They are palpable, lying at the surface, capable of estimation by statistics. But on the debtor side are no statistics: injury to mind and heart is incomputable. Not the less dangerous, therefore; inward bleeding seldom has frightful symptoms. England, they say, is becoming a nation of tradesmen. God save the gallant old mother country from such a gloomy fate! God save our own beloved land from the trader's heart! For as surely as it comes upon us, so surely will national prosperity follow national honor over the brink of perdition.

ROTANEV.

PAST AND FUTURE.

In these times when great revolutions threaten, and the nations of the earth seem about to be convulsed in one mighty struggle, it is a natural task for one to look forward into the future, big with coming events, and try to discover what the end will be. The mind of man, ever unsatisfied, is not content with any limitation, but would endeavor to satisfy itself with a knowledge of all things. There is a desire prevalent among all enlightened people of the present age, for some one who may ascend some Pisgah height, and, looking beyond the present, may discover the great and final result, and, in prophetic language, publish abroad a revelation of his vision; and the interest which attaches itself to the present state of affairs throughout the world, must of itself force every one possessed

of intelligence to regard with the deepest anxiety the course of human events.

It is our great privilege, in this advanced stage of the world, to have the experience of all past ages for our guidance—an inexhaustible fountain, "whence rich supplies of knowledge flow." The student of history, as he wanders through its many and wide spread fields, gathers plentifully, and comes forth laden with spoil. Regarding the great principles of action and the workings of the machinations of man's genius in the past, we may, without an assumption of prophetic power, make a fair conjecture of what will be. Although the past is unrelenting, and

"Strong the barriers round its dark domain,
And fetters sure and fast,
Hold all that enter its unbreathing reign,"

the lessons derived are fertile and useful, and the warnings given should not be unheeded.

"Far in her realm withdrawn
Old Empires sit in sullenness and gloom;
And glorious ages gone
Lie deep within the shadow of her tomb."

The glory of grand empires, mighty kingdoms, and of the renowned deeds of individual men, shines out from every page of her history. Their glory yet remains, but they have perished:—as when a glittering light invokes our admiring gaze, long after the star from which it was reflected has ceased to be. Ruin, the inevitable concomitant of time, is stamped upon every feature. Wherever we turn our eyes we are struck with the desolation of the scene. Egypt, while she tells of her former glory, by her lofty pyramids and the cities of dead under our feet, tells us also of her ruin by the feeble remains of her once powerful cities.

Rome and Athens have crumbled into dust, and even the "City of the great King" is like the tented field. From these

unmistakable emblems, we need scarcely be told that the end of all things will be destruction; that the future will unravel one ruin after another until there is nothing left to fall. But here revelation, given by the finger of inspiration, adds her sure testimony to the signs of the times, and points in one direction with our experience. We are assured that the whole earth shall be rolled together as a scroll; the moon shall "cease to give her light," and the stars fall from heaven. With mother earth shall wither and die all that is therein. The mighty cities and uncultivated forests shall share one common lot. Her fair sons and daughters shall one by one be gathered to their last resting-place, and a few,

"In the twinkling of an eye
Shall put on immortality."

These truths, long sounded in our ears, have grown familiar, and lost that attention which their nature demands.

We are particularly engrossed with the more immediate result of passing events. What will the present state of affairs accomplish? Nations are gathering together for war. International strife and animosity are increasing, threatening to produce scenes of bloodshed, carnage and slaughter. What use the future will make of this state of affairs is, of course, involved in obscurity. And yet we may make some conjecture of what will come to pass, from our knowledge of what similar causes have produced under similar circumstances.

We are told that the undulations of air, produced by various causes, never cease entirely, but for ages and ages continue their silent motions, and tell the story of their existence. The concussion caused by the downfall of the mighty Roman empire comes yet with almost stunning effect to our ears.

The undulations of the revolutions of Europe have not yet spent their force. Wafted across the Atlantic, they join the kindred waves of commotion that rise from our own land, and,

with a strange but true symmetry, combining their force, startle us from our lethargy, and move us anxiously to inquire: Is this, too, our fate? The tide of destruction has threatened to engulf us, and the fear has prevailed that soon perhaps might be felt all over the world, the mighty undulation which should tell to all coming ages the story of our destruction. But while we are thus troubled for the future of our country, the light of encouragement is reflected from the past. It presents to our view nations, in some respects the prototype of our own, which, torn and shaken by internal and external strife, until they seemed almost ready to fall, have suddenly put on their might, and come forth from their scourge stronger than ever before, and better prepared to perform their part in the history of the world.

Two periods of glory have preceded our own. The Semitic, in which the ancient nations of the East grew powerful and learned in all the elements of the wisdom of that day. This was the Oriental world, in which the sway of despotism and obedience was well-nigh complete. Gorgeous empires were constituted in such a way that one only, the ruler, was conscious of the spirit of freedom—of his own individuality.

The next period of glory was that of the Grecian and Roman. It succeeded the ruins of the Oriental period, and was one step in advance. Freedom was more generally appreciated, and the idea of individuality more widely extended. Beauty in form and matter was the great object of attainment, and man the object of worship, among the Greeks; while among the Romans, the grand idea was man and government. Here we see freedom in conflict with aristocracy, and democracy, and the abstract idea of government. It was destined that the glories of this period should also pass away, and ruin follow.

We are now brought down to the "Middle Ages," that troubled period of transition, in which new ideas and institu-

tions struggled into existence, upon the ruin of the Roman and Grecian period of glory. Here we see Christianity planted, and growing in strength and stature. The last mighty struggles of the "powers of darkness" with the "powers of light;" the rapid spread of the spirit of Christianity and of freedom, as exhibited in the Crusades and the Reformation; the gradual march of civilization westward, were the forerunners and preludes to our own period or stage of development—even the magnificent accomplishments of the nineteenth century.

Freedom is now known by all, and its influence is widely felt. Individuality is cherished for its own sake; enters into the very being of the man, and exalts him to almost a divine personality. What wonderful developments and vast achievements does the past reveal! and to what a high position is man brought! What a blessing is Christianity, and how it exalts the condition of an immoral world!

The teachings of the past might seem to indicate that this period of glory also would gradually decline, and be succeeded by a time of desolation and ruin. But we hope for better things. We are persuaded that the indications of the past, closely considered, the natural deductions of reason, and the teachings of the great Creator, tend to show just the opposite of this to be true.

Each nation has had its part to play, each its peculiar work to perform; and when that work was done, the pride and strength of that nation passed away. When the nations of the East marched westward in their course of civilization, they met nations from the North, of entirely different dispositions, manners, and pursuits. The *physical structure* of the country was such as prevented these nations, by mere intercourse and contact, from becoming united. Indented by bays and gulfs, with its arms stretching out into the ocean, and with its inland seas dividing its very centre, the country was evidently intended for the habitation of different nations, dissimilar in

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interests and in pursuits; and such is Europe. Here, then, are wanting those elements of union, that firm broad basis on which may be built a grand universal empire. Manifestly another continent, more adapted to this great plan and purpose, was needed. We believe that America, happy in the possession of a suitable physical structure, and of the other elements, will be the theatre in which will be enacted the greatest events the world has ever seen. We believe that the great work of Europe is to convey to America all those diverse elements and principles of nationality and government of which she is in possession; and that in America these different elements will, under the genial influence of freedom and Christianity, be transformed and developed into one grand whole, having as its chief characteristic, *spiritual freedom*. The duty of America manifestly is to send abroad this grand principle, until it permeates and revolutionizes the whole world, and prepares it for one great universal empire, to be ruled by the "Prince of Peace." We are strengthened in our opinion, moreover, by what seems to us to be true, viz., that every other continent has performed its work, or nearly so, and that America alone has yet her work to do. We have seen that the physical man was first developed, and then the mental; and it remains for the future history of the world to record the development of the moral man. And where will this be accomplished, except in America? And what country is better adapted to this work?

If then we have rightly received and understood the teachings of the past, and rightly divined the future, we have great reason to be encouraged with regard to the future prospects of our country, and are brought to the conclusion that it is its high destiny to bring about the closing scenes of the earth's existence. We regard its present trouble only as a scourge, a purifying fire, whence it will come forth stronger than ever before, and more fully developed in respect to the principles

of freedom and Christianity. Our nation, not yet having arrived at maturity, is already giving signs of its adaptedness to the work, and of its capacity to perform it.

May the Sovereign Ruler of the universe be the guiding star of America, and her source of might and power, until there is accomplished the complete reformation of the world.

W.

NATURE.

How sweetly does nature accord
With our every varying mood!
Dispensing to man, as her lord,
For each passion appropriate food.

For the gay do the butterflies dance,
And the swallows dart by on the wing;
For the joyous the sunbeams glance
On the opening flowrets of spring.

For the pensive the autumn leaves fall,
And the shadows flit over the sky;
For the sad is the dull leaden pall,
Which foreshadows the storm-king nigh.

The contemplative mind also finds
Richest fields for its exercise here;
In the sunshine, the rain, and the winds,
As they play around earth's rolling sphere.

Within and without—all around,
Are wonders minute and sublime;
Spread out o'er the sky's utmost bound,
And disdaining our cycles of time.

Here Reason much beauty beholds,
Which to others less gifted is lost;
Nature's order and laws she unfolds,
Where all in confusion seemed lost.

While Faith, with unfaltering view,
Looks beyond all these changes and laws,
To that power to whose spell they are due,
Even God, the Supreme, final cause.

DELTA.

ALARM CLOCKS.

Reader, you have, doubtless, often been aroused from your quiet morning slumbers by the rattling of your alarm clock. You have suddenly started up, amazed at the noise, and asked yourself or your chum, "what's this?" The alarm speaks for itself, however. The time has come when it is liberated from its restraint, and with the customary revolutions of whirring, jingling, and rattling; then rattling, jingling, and whirring, it spends its strength, and all is silent.

What a tumult is here!—a tumult all made by a little rattler, whose very existence in the clock a careless observer would not have noticed. For hours it has been standing on a strain, wound up, and only waiting for the time to come when the mechanism of the clock would allow its discharge. Now it bursts forth like a liberated fury, with a noise which drowns completely the voice of the main clock, and as though it would fain persuade us that it is the sole inhabitant of the little case. But its strength is soon spent. Its voice has scarcely attained its highest pitch, before it begins to fail, and soon is wholly lost.

It is relieved by the discharge, and doubtless (if we may suppose it capable of emotion) it is with no little satisfaction that it relaxes its strained nerves, and settles down for a day's rest. Its work is done, and it is of no further use till wound up again. Meanwhile, the main part of the clock moves on in the even tenor of its way, not stopping to notice the loquacious little rattler, nor being affected by it, for good or evil. What, then, is accomplished by this ebullition, so far as the work of the main clock is concerned? Nothing.

Are there not some men who bear the same relation to society that this alarm bears to the clock? It is not uncommon to see a man, before almost unknown, suddenly start up,

and, throwing himself astride some hobby, come clattering along at a furious rate, drowning every sound of ordinary character, and apparently drawing all attention to himself. He is one of society's *alarms*. After lying dormant from birth, he has, by some means, been *wound up*, and the world having moved on to the point at which he is *set*, off he goes, at a rate which threatens to surpass all the common horde with which the world is peopled, and to cause them to sink into insignificance. His zeal, however, is of short duration. He soon sinks beyond the reach of observation. His work is done; and, unless *wound up* by some new excitement, he will no more disturb the even current of events.

But how is the world affected by this commotion? It is not affected at all. It neither derives benefit or injury from these impulsive movements. As the clock may be jarred a little by the movements of the alarm, so may society by the operations of the individual in question; but as soon as noise and active movement cease, all is over, and no further effect is felt. Such are many reformers. They adopt some strange and visionary theory, and imagining the world to have arrived at the proper point, they attempt to force it into operation; in other words, they *go off*. Their power is soon expended, and themselves and their theories forgotten.

There are many political alarm clocks. Desire for political preferment is the key that winds them up. They are set to *go off* just before elections. They *go off* and are no more heard of.

The world of fashion has its alarm clocks. A belle or an exquisite is introduced. They flourish for a time "the observed of all observers," and then *run down*. They, too, pass from the scene of action and from notice.

Science is not without its alarm clocks. They *go off*, occasionally, with a rattle about some new discovery, and before we can understand what it is, they are done.

Examples might be multiplied, *ad infinitum*; but enough have been mentioned. Our analogy is not perfect, for the alarm clock does accomplish some good; it arouses the sleeper. But these *society alarms* neither benefit the society of which they form a part, nor do they benefit anything else, outside. They only relieve themselves. Whence the cause of this failure? It is, simply, want of principle. The life of their action is impulse. This, instead of slowly and steadily unwinding itself, expends all its force, as it were, in an instant, and is then weak and powerless.

They must be wound up, and prepared to operate at certain times, instead of being always ready for action. It is to them a matter of indifference when this time comes. Give them an impulse, *wind them up*, and you may set them going at any time you choose. Our faith compels us to believe that such were created for some wise end; but what that end may be, we must consider as yet to be discovered. G.

Editor's Table.

ONCE again within our College history has our *sanctum* been called upon to witness the loss of individuality of one of its occupants, and if it had but tongue wherewith to speak, no doubt but that it would exclaim, with gloomy visage,

"Those melancholy days are come,
The saddest of the year."

Since the reign of the former Editor, *tempora mutantur* somewhat, the Editor's Table and Chair have become a little more rickety, his Drawer filled with rubbish, and his Chip-Basket in such a state, that it requires to be seen in order that its confusion may be realized. Therefore, gentle readers, laboring as we are under many such difficulties, you must expect from us no profundity of research, no brilliant corruscations of thought,

or elevated flights of imagination, equal to those of some of our illustrious predecessors. We do not fancy our brow to be twined with "the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield," and, therefore, shall not attempt to pluck flowers from these soaring regions, since we are convinced that they are like certain exotics, which only grow spontaneously, and cannot be forced.

And now, having made our very best bow, in rather an awkward manner probably, we would, "wan and faint, but fearless still," pitch in *media res*. As it seems to be a "necessary appendage" to an Editor's Table to say something of his inability to win golden opinions from all sorts of people, we would simply remark, in the language of Horace, "*Non omnes eadem mirantur amantque*," without attempting to mystify that which is so plain that it cannot be explained.

Old Nassau Hall has once again girded on her armor to march forth and do battle against the armies of *Ignorantia*, which are much larger than usual this year. (No offence to the Newies.) Her leaders (the Illustrious Nine,) having had ample time, during the eight weeks' truce, for grave reflection and deliberation, are determined to carry on the fall campaign with unusual vigor. To this end, they have supplied their forces with guns of a huge bore, and reorganized and reanimated them generally. Already the enemy has felt their power with terrible effect, since, in the first fire, Hoarnspree, one of his well-tutored generals, was mortally wounded, and a number of his aids taken prisoners and held as hostages. No doubt but that success will attend them in the pursuit of the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war," and that the remembrance of *Ignorantia* and his followers will soon be lost,

"Gone glittering thro' the dream of things that were."

Commencement was a grand success, and passed off satisfactorily to every one. The J. O's did honor to themselves, to '64, and to Nassau Hall, and, judging from the number of bouquets received, were well appreciated, at least by the fair sex. Their department of the exercises

"Above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent
Stands like a tower."

The members of the graduating class seem to have combined their energies into one grand effort, determined that their last act should be their best, and have done well their part in perpetuating that good name which our Alma Mater has always enjoyed. The address of the Hon. J. T. Nixon on "Endurance," merited and received the praise of all, and affords another proof that the sons of Nassau are among the world's greatest and best men.

Vacation, with all its joys and pleasures, has passed away, leaving behind for many of us, only happy remembrances of hours spent in enjoyment. If it were not that we feared being egotistical, we could give

descriptions of many interesting times, which when we recall, our thoughts wander far away, and many happy moments are lived over again—moments which shall ever have a comfortable seat at memory's fireside. Most of the students seem to have returned in good spirits, and whilst we write, everything is going as "merry as a marriage bell." The Newbies, whose hearts were bound up in the "bonny blink o' their ain firesides," seem to have got over their home-sickness quite manfully, and are now ready to take *first*, or smoke out their friends according to taste.

Another of our classmates, A. C. Fuller, formerly Captain of the Nassau Cadets, has gone to the war, and what with one thing and another, old '64 "lies bleeding at every pore." May success attend him! The Nassau B. B. C. has thrown down the gauntlet before all the Colleges in the country, challenging them to play a game of base ball during vacation. The fame of the Nassaus has already reached the remotest confines of the country, and even beyond the *Stars*, and their games are better than the *Olympic*.

"Full from the fount of joy's delicious springs
Some bitter o'er the flowers its bubbling venom flings,"

and scarcely had our pleasant vacation passed, ere the sad intelligence of the death of Lieutenant John M. Williams was received. The deceased was a member of the class of '63, and in company with some others of our brave boys, enlisted as a private in the Anderson Cavalry about a year ago, and on account of his bravery was promoted to a Lieutenancy in the 17th Kentucky Volunteers. He died at McMinnville, Tennessee, of typhoid fever, on the 9th of August. Known as he was to most of us, he needs no words of ours to speak his praise.

"A thousand glorious actions that might claim
Triumphant laurels and immortal fame,
Confused in crowds of glorious actions lie,
And troops of heroes undistinguished die."

Now, kind readers, we feel our individuality slowly but surely returning, and are warned that the Editorial Mantle, with all its associations, must be handed over to our successor ere the divine afflatus deserts it. May it fit him better than it has done us! On retiring behind the scenes, we would thank you for your kind aid and support, and ask that whilst you partake of the viands we have prepared to the best of our ability, you will find as little fault as possible with your well-wisher,

THE EDITOR.